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AMERICAN VACATIONS IN EUROPE

Mr. FRANK R. STOCKTON

Miss JEANNETTE L. GILDER

Mrs. MARY BRADFORD CROWNINSHIELD

Mr. GEORGE ADE

And Others



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FRANK R. STOCKTON

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CLUB HAND-BOOK TO AC-
COMPANY THE READING COURSE
ENTITLED, *AMERICAN VACATIONS*
*IN EUROPE*_____



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AMERICAN VACA-
TIONS IN EUROPE

Course *IV*: Booklovers Reading Club

BOOKS SELECTED

FOR THIS READING COURSE

by

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON



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T h e B O O K S



*THE following four books are supplied by
The Booklovers Library to Club Members
who have enrolled for Course IV.*

I. FROM PONKAPOG TO PESTH

(Thomas Bailey Aldrich)

II. SAUNTERINGS

(Charles Dudley Warner)

III. OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE

(Oliver Wendell Holmes)

IV. GONDOLA DAYS

(F. Hopkinson Smith)

*The course of reading as outlined in this hand-book
is based on these books. Suggestions for supplementary
reading will be found at the end.* _____

AMERICAN VACATIONS IN EUROPE

TALKS *to* TRAVELERS

by

JEANNETTE L. GILDER

and

MARY BRADFORD CROWNINSHIELD

and

GEORGE ADE

*These papers by Miss Gilder, Mrs. Crowninshield
and Mr. Ade have been prepared specially
for readers of this course.*

EDITORIAL NOTES

by

Professor FRED LEWIS PATTEE



A WORD *from* THE DIRECTOR



UROPE is no longer terra incognita to the cultivated American, and books of travel of the old-fashioned, purely informing type have lost their excuse for being. Nevertheless, the trained man of letters who chooses to take his readers on a European ramble is sure of finding a large party ready to be thus personally conducted on a literary journey through scenes which are already more or less familiar.

We asked Mr. Frank R. Stockton to select a few books of this sort for the benefit of travelers,

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past, present and prospective. Mr. Stockton's eminent qualifications for making such a choice are best represented by his own delightful sketches of foreign travel. The selection demanded nice discrimination. Mr. Stockton expressed the principal difficulty when he wrote us: "There are so many books of travel in which the author's personality obtrudes itself in front of the proper subject matter of the work, that it is difficult to make a selection from this class which will satisfy persons who care more for things in Europe than for the men or women who have seen the things."

The books which were finally approved are productions of two eminent authors of the past generation and two distinguished literary men of our own day. They furnish collectively a comprehensive view of the European countries most frequented by Americans, as seen through the eyes of men who report their observations and deductions in finished literary style.

In response to our invitation to contribute a suggestive paper to our handbook, Miss Gilder has given us a delightful sketch of her experiences in Europe, upon which she has based valuable hints to prospective travelers. Mrs. Crowninshield's advice to young girls who travel abroad is the counsel of a woman who is almost as familiar

A WORD FROM THE DIRECTOR

with the standards of European society as with those of her native land. Mr. Ade, whose great success as a humorist has caused many readers to overlook his more serious work, has contributed some suggestions for the traveler which are the more effective because illuminated by flashes of wit.

In planning this course we felt that it should serve as pleasant reminiscence to those who have traveled widely; as stimulus and preparation for those who are about to go abroad, and as a means of general culture and delightful recreation for those who must see Europe through the eyes of others.

The Idea of the Course



IT is the dream of most Americans, and happily one more easy of realization with every passing year, to take, at least once in their lives, a vacation in Europe. It was not so very long ago that a voyage across the ocean was the central event of a lifetime. People closed up their business affairs, made their wills and left their families with tearful farewells. When Irving and Willis and Longfellow first went abroad the voyage consumed five or six weeks. Today one may run across the ocean, spend a delightful vacation amid any scenes he may choose, return almost before he has been missed by his friends and find his pocketbook no more depleted than if he had passed the time in an American summer resort.

When the old world was difficult of access then it was that the book of travels in Europe flourished. Irving began the series with his *Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*. Then came N. P. Willis who made the first sentimental grand tour of Great Britain and the Continent, recording it in *Pencillings by the Way*. Longfellow's *Outre Mer* was in the direct line of succession. He described it as "a kind of sketchbook of scenes in France, Spain and Italy." "When a

boy of ten years," he wrote, "I read Willis' *Pencillings by the Way* as they appeared from week to week in the country newspapers, and the contemplation of these charming pictures of scenery and society filled me with a thousand dreams and inspirations." Thus it has been ever since. To all refined Americans the old world has ever been, even as it was to Longfellow, "a kind of Holy Land lying afar off behind the blue horizon of the ocean."

About the middle of the century every returning traveler published his book until, in the words of Aldrich, the beaten path of continental touring is "paved three deep with books of travel." Bryant's *Letters from Abroad*, Hilliard's *Six Months in Italy*, Taylor's *Views Afoot*, Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*, Helen Hunt Jackson's *Bits of Travel* are among the best of these earlier books of travel.

Of late there has been a very marked falling off in the production of such books. Europe is now so near and so many have seen it that the temptation is a strong one to relegate all narratives of travel among its scenes to the shelf that holds Mrs. Child's once popular *Letters from New York*. Books of the type of *Outre Mer* and *Bracebridge Hall*, however, are always welcome.

The really valuable literature of European travel separates itself into three classes: First,

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guidebooks pure and simple, like Baedeker for example ; second, careful studies of special cities and regions, like Hare's *Walks in London* or Stanley's *Westminster Abbey* ; and third, books of real literary merit, the brilliant and fascinating records of ideal travelers, who are not content with describing the mere chronology and catalogue of the journey, but make their books almost as charming as the actual experience. Such writers are indeed rare.

Our reading course deals only with the last two varieties. Guidebooks are for the pocket, to be consulted before the actual object ; the second class of books is for careful perusal and even study. He who goes abroad should prepare himself fully before he starts. For instance, he who is to visit Paris should carefully master Hamerton's well known book or some other authority, if he would get more than a mere smattering of ideas about it. One can see only what one is prepared to see. Books of the third class, however, can be enjoyed without effort by anyone at any time. Those who never expect to cross the ocean can do an extensive amount of fireside travel and find it extremely satisfying. If they dream of sometime visiting the scenes described, so much the better—the books are a charming introduction to Europe. Even if they are actually on board the steamer they can have no better reading. They cannot know too much of

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the scenes they are to visit and it will add to the effect of Naples or Venice if they have previously seen them through the eyes of Aldrich or Howells. The course, therefore, begins with these altogether charming books of saunterings in Europe, but it also indicates supplementary fields where one may wander at will.



HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS TO THE READER

In the case of classics of travel so altogether charming as those in our list, there is no better suggestion than that the reader shall surrender himself completely to the author's guidance and mood. When one is journeying in pleasant company amid ideal landscapes in foreign lands one does not care to analyze emotions and take notes at every step. He had much rather abandon himself completely to the charm of the journey. However, no true book can be skimmed over to advantage. If it is worth reading at all it is worth reading carefully, even studiously.

I. From Ponkapog to Pesth.—Sketches of Travel.

The book is rather a collection of sketches and studies than a book of travel. It is ranked in this list simply because its sketches happen to deal with European scenes. Such pieces as "A Visit to an Old Gentleman" contain all the elements necessary for a short story. There is not the slightest attempt at chronological sequence. Each

sketch is independent of the others. Note the sparkling style of the book ; it is the same that one finds in all of Aldrich's shorter pieces. Note also the genuine wit and epigram everywhere manifest. As he sits on the balcony, for instance, he is serenaded by an organ man "holding in one hand a long fishing line baited with monkey." Whatever else the pages may be they are not dull. They are the work of a rare story-teller whose art brings the scene graphically before you. There is no superfluous detail, no unnecessary touch. The book is packed with rare information, yet its primary object seems to be to entertain. The chapter on beggars, for instance, reads like a short story, yet what a fund of valuable information. No one is prepared to visit Europe until he has read it.

Note that the first merit of the book is literary. It belongs on the same shelf with Hawthorne's earlier sketches and studies. It is the work of a brilliant wit and poet, one of the masters of the American school of short story writers. Everything is sharply cut like a cameo, without superfluous details, clean, clear, accurate.

II. Saunterings.—Episodes of Travel.

This is a type of the impressionistic book of travels. There is a slight thread of chronological sequence, but it is very far removed from the diary type of book or the mere collection of letters

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from abroad. The writer dwells upon only those scenes and episodes that have particularly interested or impressed him. It is a kind of scrap-book made up of the most notable passages from the author's journal ; no particular attempt is made to fill the gaps.

Note that *Saunterings* is the work of one who does his own observing. It owes nothing to the guidebooks. The style is not so brilliant and witty as that of Aldrich. The book smacks more of the notebook. It was evidently written on the spot, with the eye upon the object. Aldrich's sketches bear marks of careful polishing in the study at home. Note how a quiet atmosphere of humor pervades it. One does not laugh heartily as he does when he reads Mark Twain, but he finds himself often smiling serenely over the page. The style is natural and readable. Where there is action it moves rapidly. Even the dry information, which the author in his preface disclaims altogether, but which is none the less there and in abundance, is made light and interesting.

The human interest is predominant. Ravenna, odd as it is, is interesting to Warner chiefly because of its association with the lives of Dante, Byron and others. He stands before a cathedral, but he is attracted more by the picturesque beggar in the foreground. Note how all unconsciously Warner has put a wealth of autobiographical material into the book. It is the work of a serene,

kindhearted observer who has recorded his impressions, chiefly of men and women whom he met on his journey.

III. Our Hundred Days in Europe.

—A Narrative of Travel.

Holmes' book is an excellent example of a consecutive narrative of travel. It begins by telling fully the object of the trip, then it goes straight on and describes it day by day. The great danger in this variety of composition is, of course, the almost irresistible temptation to diffuseness. One cannot tell everything. This danger Holmes cleverly avoids; the book if anything is too short. He was nearly eighty when he wrote it and the pen of age is not apt to overrun limits. Moreover, unlike most travelers, Holmes had a governing principle to guide him in his sightseeing. He wished chiefly to visit those places which had impressed him during his first sojourn in Europe a half century earlier. The book is therefore curiously and charmingly double in its perspective.

To recall old impressions was the first desire of the author; to see men and women was the second. He cared very little for the miscellaneous sight-seeing that chiefly charms young travelers. The book is a picture-gallery of notables, full of glimpses of English customs in the best circles. One main object of the volume was to

return thanks to kind friends abroad and to answer questions of kind friends at home. The primary object, therefore, was a narrow one. Everywhere we see Holmes; he is as much in evidence as the England he is visiting. On every page we find his sparkle and wit, his wisdom and epigram, his fund of pertinent reminiscence, apt quotation, brilliant analogy, everything that goes to make up that charming combination that we associate with the name of the genial autocrat.

It might seem, then, that as a mere record of travel, the book, in the words of Stockton, would not "satisfy persons who care more for things in Europe than for the men and women who have seen the things." But it certainly does not harm a book to be full of a delightful personality, and if it takes us into circles where only the few are admitted, so much the better for the average reader. *Our Hundred Days* is a really valuable book of travels. Its descriptions and characterizations are brief and clear; its fund of observation is large; its point of view is remarkable, and its enthusiasm and zest are certainly of the kind that is contagious.

IV. Gondola Days. — An Idealization of Travel.

Gondola Days is the book of an artist and dreamer, one who seeks the most romantic spot

in Europe and surrenders himself without reserve to the sensuous delight of the place, "the Venice of light and life, of sea and sky and melody." It is the very antipode of the guidebook type of literature. It has not a single trace, as Warner sometimes has, of the iconoclastic Yankee spirit illustrated in Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*. It attempts no history, save vague legends; it gives no systematic attention to description; it is bound by no more rules than is the tramp Luigi whom it characterizes. It is a summer book, a poet's book. Every romantic element is made the most of; every illusion is magnified; everything common or squalid or ridiculous is looked at until it is transfigured.

Note first that it is an artist's book. Form, color and picturesque detail predominate. Note, too, the limpid English, the wealth of epithets, and the marvelous atmosphere of dreamy, sensuous content that floods the book. As to whether he has idealized his Venice one who has never been there must read Howells and others to judge. The book marks one extreme tendency of works of travel; *Innocents Abroad* marks the other. The *abandon* of the book, its enthusiasm, its romance, are certainly contagious. The reader lays it down with a wish himself to enter upon an indefinite career of gondola days.

TOPICAL OUTLINE

O F T H E C O U R S E

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O F T H E C O U R S E

1. The Voyage.

Holmes, 9-18.

Warner, vii-xii.

2. England.

Holmes, 18-160, 178-208.

Liverpool, 18, 179; Chester, 18; Epsom, 31; Windsor, 47; Isle of Wight, 68; Cambridge, 71; Oxford, 79, 86; Stratford-on-Avon, 90; Bath, 105; Stonehenge, 110, 113; Salisbury, 108, 116; Brighton, 132.

3. London.

Holmes, 23-31; 40-47; 50-68; 135-160; 178-180.

Westminster Abbey, 29, 59; Houses of Parliament, 52, 63; Chelsea, 136; British Museum, 151; The Temple, 153.

Warner, 3-8. Paris and London.

Aldrich, 165-194. Smith, a study of the typical London valet.

4. Scotland.

Holmes, 82-86. Edinburgh.

5. Paris.

Holmes, 161-178.

Warner, 3-17.

Paris and London, 3-8; Paris in May, 9-13; An Imperial Review, 14-17.

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6. The Low Countries and The Rhine.

Warner, 21-45.

Amiens, 21; Bruges, 23; Ghent, 27; Antwerp, 28; Amsterdam, 30; Cologne, 37; the Rhine, 40; Heidelberg, 43.

7. The Alps.

Warner, 49-82.

Berne, 50; Freiburg, 54; Leman, 56; Chamouny, 61; Baths of Leuk, 76.

8. Bavaria.

Warner, 85-156.

Augsburg, 88; Nuremberg, 92; Munich, 96.
Aldrich, Munich, 35, 36.

9. Ravenna.

Warner, 171-185.

10. Rome.

Warner, 189-196. Palm Sunday in St. Peter's.
Aldrich, 73-115. A Visit to the Pope.

11. Naples.

Warner, 199-208. An ascent of Vesuvius.
Aldrich, 119-161. On a Balcony.

12. Sorrento.

Warner, 211-289.

Villa Nardi, 216; Capri, 268.

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13. Venice.

Smith, 1-205.

The Riva, 28; San Marco, 42; The Fisherman, 85; A Gondola Race, 101; Cafés, 116; Markets, 136; Legacies of the Past, 155; Street Life, 176; Night in Venice, 197.

14. General Topics.

Holmes, 182-208. General observations on England.

Aldrich, 15-69.

Days with the Dead, 15-36; Beggars, 39-51; Ways and Manners, 55-69.



How to Enjoy a Holiday
Abroad: *A Ten-Minute Talk*
by JEANNETTE L. GILDER

How to Enjoy a Holiday Abroad: *A Ten-Minute Talk*

by JEANNETTE L. GILDER

Miss Jeannette Leonard Gilder is a member of a notable literary family, being a sister of the late William H. Gilder, Arctic explorer and writer, and of Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century*. Joseph B. Gilder, her younger brother, has been co-editor of *The Critic* with Miss Gilder since its inception in 1881. After general journalistic experience on the Newark *Morning Register* and the New York *Tribune*, she became literary editor, and afterwards musical and dramatic editor, of the New York *Herald* for six years. She was associated for some time with her brother in the editorial department of *The Century*, then called *Scribner's Monthly*. In addition to her editorial work on *The Critic*, Miss Gilder has edited *Representative Poems of Living Poets, American and English*; with Helen Gray Cone, *Pen Portraits of Literary Men*; and with Joseph B. Gilder, *Authors at Home*. Her novel, *Taken by Siege*, appeared in 1897, followed three years later by a humorous sketch of her own childhood, *The Autobiography of a Tomboy*. Her dramatization of *Quo Vadis* had a successful run at the Herald Square Theatre New York. She has since made several other dramatizations.

IT was in 1886 that I took my first vacation—the first in nineteen years. I had been working very hard, newspaper work principally, and I felt the need of rest and change. It had been the dream of my life to go abroad. It had also been

the dream of my friend, Clara Louise Kellogg, to go with me when I went. Europe was an old story to her. It was all new to me and she wanted to see how I took it. I am afraid I took it too quietly at times and that she thought by my very quietness that I was unappreciative. The truth is I was "too full for utterance." I remember my first visit to Westminster Abbey. I stood silent, awed, thrilled by memories. "Why don't you say something ; one might think that you didn't appreciate it," said my friend. "One would be wrong, then," I replied, "for I think 'tis 'sweet pretty.'" She never asked me again what I thought of such scenes and places but let me enjoy them in my own way. I might "gush" over a hallowed spot after I had passed from under its direct influence, but when I stood in the shadow of its memories I thrilled silently.

It is a mistake to try to see everything in Europe during one short trip. One should spend weeks in Paris, London, Rome and Florence. Although I have been in Europe several times since my first visit I have not been to Italy. I am saving that for a time when I have months to devote to it. I like to become intimately acquainted with great cities—to know London and Paris as well as I know New York. The only way to do this is to spend weeks in wandering through their streets—in living as though one belonged there. Of course, one must see the

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famous historical monuments in great cities, but not as a sightseer. I avoid guides as I would avoid the plague. When I go to Westminster Abbey or the Tower of London I drop in as a Londoner might. I stroll through the parks, sit in the courtyard of the Temple, lunch at old restaurants, wander through picture galleries, gaze in at shop windows, ride on "bus" tops and live the life of the native. The consequence is that I know London and Paris as well as I know New York; better perhaps, for I have other things to do when I am in New York and cannot give much of my time to wandering about.

If a person can only make one visit to Europe in the course of his life-time I should advise him to see as much as he can in a short time, but not too much. I recall perfectly the appearance and character of towns that I spent only a day in; Antwerp, for instance. I arrived there in the morning of one day and went away on the afternoon of the next, and yet I have a vivid recollection of the Plantin Museum, the Cathedral, with its Rubens paintings, the City Hall, the tree-lined streets, and the little world's fair with its miniature "Midway" that was being held outside the walls of city.

I took a friend to Paris once for three days. She had never been there before and she did not know when she might go again and she had only three days.

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"What can I see in three days?" said she.
"It is hardly worth while going."

"You will see more in three days than you will forget in thirty years, if you leave it to me," said I.

We went, and I proved my case. We had three nights as well as three days. The first night we went to the Théâtre Français; the second, to another theatre, and the third we gave to a dinner party. Instead of trying to see all the pictures in the Louvre, I took her to see my favorites among the Titians, Velasquez and Murillos. We did not waste time in looking at miles and miles of "stone gals," but worshiped at the shrines of the Venus of Milo and Winged Victory. We gazed with awe into Napoleon's tomb and let the little old man at the door of Notre Dame swish us with holy water. We lounged along the quays and bought old books for twice their value; we walked in the shadow of the walls of the Sorbonne. We drove in the Bois and we lunched and dined at restaurants that the tourist knows not of. At the end of the third day we went back to London.

"Was it not worth while to have spent three days in Paris?" I asked.

"I feel equal to writing a book on the manners and customs of the Parisians," was the reply; "but you must admit that there is much in having a guide who can show you the things you

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want most to see without loss of time." I made the admission.

If one's time is limited and one wants to make the most of it I would suggest seeing some of the famous small places of England and working up to London as the grand climax. If you land at Liverpool, shake its dust from your heels at the earliest possible moment and board the train for Chester. If you get there in time to have a fresh water bath before dinner, so much the better. Stroll a bit through the streets near your hotel if you have time, then dine as you never dined before and be happy. Everything will be new to you; the huge joints of beef and mutton wheeled to your place that you may point out your favorite cut, the potatoes boiled to melting, the broad beans—a new dish to you—the long salad leaves that you dip in salt and eat with the cheddar, the deep-dish pie, or gooseberry fool, if it be in season. It will all taste so good and so un-American, particularly the bread, which is rather heavy and ugly looking as compared with our own, which after all is French and not our own. But you will get to liking it before you leave England. You will like it best of all when cut thin and spread with fresh butter, unsalted, I mean, and eaten with your tea. Don't waste your time in bed, but be up with the lark and walk around Chester on the walls, stopping to smell the hawthorn blossoms and to gaze over

the English meadows, so much greener than ours that you would know that you were not in America if only by that greenness. Your delight in Chester will be exquisite, for it will be your first sight of an old English town. With its picturesque architecture, the houses with their timbered gables, its arcades, its antique furniture—some of it, I regret to say, made while you wait,—it is all as you dreamed it would be.

From Chester press on to Leamington and make that your headquarters for drives or bicycle rides to Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, Warwick and Broadway in Gloucestershire, if you have the time.

After you have saturated yourself with the history and the beauty of these places, take the train for Oxford. It will probably not be term time, but if you do not see men in cap and gown you will see them in flannels. Oxford will give you one of your greatest sensations. It is the oldest looking city in England and brimful of memories. The blackened façades of the colleges look as though each student, as he passed from under the portals, had turned back and dashed a bottle of ink upon its walls. One of the most impressive occasions of my life was wandering through the quadrangles of Magdalen College one summer evening three or four years ago. It was not my first visit to this famous seat of learning, but there was something in the long twilight of this

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particular evening, the ivy-covered towers, the silence, the memories, that made a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

From Oxford it is not more than an hour by rail to London and you arrive in this great city of the world with a mind prepared. Once there stay till you know it well. Ride in its penny busses, in its penny boats, but don't ride in its tramcars unless you wish to lose all the patience you may possess. Perhaps you will never have occasion to. There are not many of them fortunately. Do not confine your walks to Bond Street and Piccadilly and your driving to Hyde Park, but explore side streets and blind alleys, first inquiring as to their safety. If you are out on some occasion when there is a crowd, have a care how you elbow your way into it. A London crowd is a thing to avoid; but if you are unfortunate enough to get wedged into one, faint, then you are sure to be carried out and taken to a place of safety. Do not miss a Lord Mayor's show, and if you can see the King on some state occasion you will be repaid for your trouble. The red and gold coaches, the outriders, the postilions take you back to fairyland and you involuntarily look about you for Cinderella and Prince Charming. Of course, you will acquire the tea habit while you are in England, but you will cast it aside when you return to America if you are wise. There is something in the climate of England that calls for tea at five

o'clock, and the call is loud, for everyone hears it and no one, from the girl in the shop to the minister of state, turns a deaf ear to the welcome sound. If you can possibly do so, have tea at least once on the terrace of the House of Parliament—tea and strawberries, if they be in season. You will never forget the sensation of sipping tea to the accompaniment of Big Ben's deep-toned clanging, with members of Parliament and handsome women in their smartest gowns around you, the Thames at your feet and St. Thomas's Hospital in the distance. There is never a day, never an hour spent in London that has not its own peculiar interest. The longer you stay there, the more its greatness will be borne in upon you. Paris is fascinating, you love its gaiety, its air of perpetual merrymaking; but for solid, never-ending delight London is the city of the world.

Jeannette L. Keller

The AMERICAN GIRL
ABROAD: *A TALK*
by MARY BRADFORD CROWNINSHIELD

The AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD: A TALK

by MARY BRADFORD CROWNINSHIELD

Mrs. Crowninshield, a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford, is the author of several poems, sketches, books of travel, novels and stories for children. Her first juvenile book, *All Among the Lighthouses*, was based upon actual experience gained while her husband, Captain Crowninshield, was Inspector of Lighthouses. In following the fortunes of her husband—formerly commander of the Maine, and now head of the Bureau of Navigation in Washington—Mrs. Crowninshield has found much of the material so skilfully interwoven with her stories and sketches. Among her best-known books are *Latitude 19°: A Romance of the West Indies*; *Where the Trade Wind Blows*; *The Archbishop and the Lady* and *Valencia's Garden*.

With reading of European travel there arises the desire to become one of the vast number of Americans who take their vacation each year in this way. It has been made so easy now for those who wish to cross to England, France, Italy or Germany that many young persons so take their summer outing. I know of four young girls who are planning a two weeks' stay in England and France. This two weeks comes out of their one month's vacation, for they are in office in Washington, and when they have

taken their month they have exhausted all their leave for the entire year. Someone said to them in my hearing :

“But you do not speak the language. How can you go to Paris?”

“I can say ‘*cocher*,’” returned the spokeswoman of the party cheerfully, “and ‘*combien*.’”

The other three looked up at her with faith shining in their eyes, secure in her power to pilot her little band through the quicksands of European travel.

They have laid out their tour in the most contracted and economical way. They take a week to go, a week to return, and stay ten days in England and five days in France. They have made routes for themselves and intend visiting the *Jardin d'acclimatation* and Versailles in one and the same day. If you consult the map of Paris and its environs you will see how satisfactory this would be! They are going for rest. The week in which they cross will be a week of rest if they use it in the right way; but I fancy that the two weeks of their stay will enforce another rest-cure, not only on board ship but after their return home, when comes the steady grind again. One can but feel sorry for them. Thirsting to see the wonders of the old world, with limited means and restricted time, they can get but a whiff of the greenery of England, a glance at the hedgerows of France, before they

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must take passage for home. To all such persons my advice would be—rest quietly at home until you can go untrammelled and free from care and worry. That which you see so hurriedly will only make you long for more, and your trip will give you no rest and no pleasure, only disappointment. Then, too, my young friends have calculated what they will spend; but I am afraid that they are to meet with disappointment, for I have always found it a good rule to make a liberal allowance for everything that I can think of, add a third more, and not feel sure then of accomplishing the trip for the stipulated sum.

The courage, self-reliance and dignity of our American girls abroad are undeniable; but there comes a time when that self-reliance is taxed to its utmost limit, and our girl wishes that she had not felt quite so sure of herself. I remember when we were traveling many years ago noticing an American girl who seemed very much alone. We were crossing the Channel by a most uncomfortable route, that from London to Rotterdam. I noticed that the girl spoke to no one, and that no one spoke to her. After arriving at Rotterdam we took an afternoon train for Berlin. There was the girl again on the train, apparently alone, but not lonely, for she read, wrote in her little diary and smiled brightly when the guard spoke to her, but shook her head for reply. Evidently she understood nothing of the lan-

guage. She did not seem anxious as to her journey, and as she did not speak to me I did not force myself upon her but waited and watched for the time when she should need help. We arrived at a small station where we were to change cars. When we had done so, again the girl was in our compartment, and then for the first time a little of her American confidence seemed to have deserted her. She arose and came to the place where I was sitting; she bent over me and held out her open hand and said,

“Will you kindly tell me what that is called?”

I looked into her palm and saw a small piece of German money.

“That,” said I, “is a five groschen piece.”

“It is a little uncomfortable for me,” said the girl. “Things have not turned out as I expected.”

“Can we help you in any way?” I asked. “Where are you going?”

“I am going to Hanover,” said the girl. “I have had rather an uncomfortable experience. I am going to school in Hanover. My aunt in London was to take me over. I came out under the care of some friends and found my aunt very ill, the house all in confusion, and no place for me. My uncle evidently wished to get rid of me—he is only my uncle by marriage—and so, seeing the way he felt I said I could cross alone. My uncle said that he had heard a great deal of the independence of American girls and he had no doubt that

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I could. He then asked my aunt for the address of the school. She pointed out the address in her book and I copied it down. Now the unpleasant part of it is, I have lost the address and don't know a word of the language."

"But," I said, "you will reach Hanover in the middle of the night. You cannot stay there alone under such circumstances. Come with us to Berlin. There we will see the American consul and he will telegraph to the consul in Hanover to meet you on your return. In that way you will be safe."

"Oh! I am safe enough," smiled the girl. "It will be all right."

"But what do you expect to do?" said I. "How find your school?"

"Why I shall just take a cab and drive around to all the schools and ask if I am expected."

"And how are you going to do that if you do not know a word of the language?" This seemed to strike her as a reasonable objection.

"Can't you tell me what sentence I must say?" she added. "Write it down for me, there's a dear, and I will get it by heart."

I wrote the desired sentence on a leaf of my diary, but I begged her that, if she would not continue on to Berlin with me, she would go to an hotel, pass the night there, find the American consul the next morning, and telegraph to her aunt in London for the address of the school.

This seemed a solution of the difficulty of which she had not thought, and she promised me and kissed me goodbye, looking back at me lingeringly, for she felt, I knew, that she was parting from her only friend. I have often wondered what became of that young girl; whether her American independence carried her through her troubles.

The American girl should remember when she travels that she has taken upon herself a great responsibility, not only to keep for herself the respect of those whom she meets, but for her country as well. Many a girl who goes abroad and never intentionally does anything that could be called wrong makes herself conspicuous or noticeable; and that is always a pity for a young girl alone. In fact, no young girl should be alone in a strange land no matter how well able she may feel to take care of herself, for our free ways do not obtain in Europe; and where they are not usual they are misunderstood. Unforeseen circumstances occur when it is important to have a friend to consult or the protection of an older woman.

For the portraiture of the Daisy Miller type of girl I can never forgive her author, because foreigners take such presentment by an American author as a type of the American girl; whereas she is only a type *of* a type. I have seen such a girl myself, I must confess, but she is not usual even in tourist-ridden Europe. The sort of girl

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who calls out of windows or into windows ; who persists in going to the office of the hotel instead of calling a servant ; who knows the hotel clerk, discovers his name, and calls him Mr. Blank after the first day—such a girl does much to lower American young womanhood in foreign eyes. In Europe the quiet, reserved tourists are not noticed, while the boisterous hoyden gives cause for much horrified remark.

Sometimes an anecdote, if not the most dignified way of carrying one's point, may be the most convincing way. An instance occurs to me. We were living one summer at a little town on the lake of Constance. Sitting one morning on the balcony of my room overhanging the piazza, I was attracted by the approach of some handsomely dressed women. They had left the boat and were walking towards the hotel. Their approach was announced by their voices which were so loud as to carry to the spot where I sat. The one in advance was leaning on the arm of a man much younger than herself to whom she seemed devoted. She was a woman of perhaps forty years of age ; her companion a youth of twenty-five or thereabouts. The young man seemed uneasy and kept glancing over his shoulder at the very pretty young girl who was following. She also was leaning on the arm of a man, a be-whiskered, beringed Italian, who looked closely into her pretty eyes and paid her marked

attention. From his language I soon found him to be the courier. Now a traveler engages a courier as he does a servant, depends on him to engage his rooms, check his trunks, and pays him when he leaves his service. The older woman engaged a table and proceeded to order lunch, the courier sitting down with the women as familiarly as did the younger man. There were other people sitting about taking coffee or wine at small tables, so that I could not feel that I was eavesdropping in listening to this strange quartette. I cannot remember all the conversation, nor would I repeat it if I could; but the tenor of it is shown by a remark made by the young girl. Her mother had risen to leave and was paying for the refreshments, when I heard the girl say in distinct tones:

“Mr. Ravello, you are a fraud. Do you know what that means?” The Italian placed his large dark hand over his spacious breast and said, half bowing:

“No, Mees, I know eet not.”

“Mommer,” called the girl to the elder woman, “isn’t Mr. Ravello a fraud? He lets you pay for the lunch when you gave him the money to pay for the trip,” and then she laughed shrilly and discordantly.

They descended the steps again, the mother taking the arm of the young man, the girl leaning upon the arm of the Italian courier. Some charm-

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ing English friends of ours were the witnesses of this episode. They came to us afterward, saying,

“We had heard that American girls are free in their manners, but we never believed it until now. I suppose she is a type. I see now where Daisy Miller came from.”

To my assurance that I had never seen such a girl before they only laughed and shook their heads.

“Ah, yes, that is all very well, and you do right to defend your own people; but we see now what your novelists mean when they write of such girls.” And then followed what I am sure no one of the better class of Americans would be guilty of saying, even if he thought it.

“But I suppose you have lived abroad so long that—,” implying that before we came to Europe, in our own wild untrained state, we too might have laughed discordantly, associated with the courier and used American slang in conversation with him—which all goes to show how little, after all these years of intercourse, our friends across the water know of the ways and manners of good society in our great republic.

So many tales have been told of the ignorance of foreigners as to our status and condition at home that repetition here is hardly necessary or interesting. They are beginning to find out now that we have not always lived in trees or in bamboo huts in the woods. It is an old story but

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a fact that occurred when I lived there, that some natives of Vienna, asking some young men to "speak a little American for them," they replied in what children call pig-latin, saying at the same time that their father was a chief, and that sometime they would "come around in their national dress and do a war dance." This they did later, tomahawks, feathers, warwhoop and all, much to the delight of the simple Germans, who said wonderingly to each other, "It is strange that they are so white; but I believe that they have lived so long in Europe they have become bleached." They then asked if we used bows and arrows in the Civil War—which they called "the war between North and South America."

I well remember, when taking a trip on the Lake of Lucerne, the appearance on the deck of the small steamer of a party of English people. I will not insult my English friends by saying that they were a type of the English whom we are accustomed to meet. The man was of the middle class, probably off for his holiday, and his woman-kind were enjoying it with him as much as they were capable of enjoying anything which they did not in the least understand. They had no idea where they were going nor where they had come from except that it was primarily England, and they were all longing in their inmost souls to get back as fast as possible to that sacred soil. They intruded themselves upon us as they would not

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have dared to intrude upon their own country people, for there is no one whom the sturdy Briton so repudiates and eschews when traveling on the continent as his own countrymen. Their island is small and proximity may be dangerous. These persons sidled up to us and began to ask us questions, when a gentleman of our party, anxious to draw them away from us, began to answer them and tell them tales that belong more to fairyland than to any other. The good natured *pater familias*, dressed in an astounding suit of what they call over there "dittos," said:

"I suppose you're h'Americans?" to which our friend replied gladly that he was. And then the stranger remarked:

"I suppose you think nothing of riding fifty miles to breakfast with a friend."

"Oh, yes," said his listener, "I should think a great deal of it."

"Well, now, that's queer," said the stranger. "I have an uncle in Rio and he thinks nothing of riding out to his brother's place before breakfast, and that's fifty miles away. Where do you hail from?"

"From New York," answered our friend.

"Any shooting?"

And then followed a description of the fine sport one has in standing in a window on Fifth Avenue or Broadway and picking off the bears and buffaloes as they run down the streets, which

would have done credit to a Münchhausen. My friend told his story with great solemnity and the cockney accepted it with equal seriousness. Of course, I thought it all wrong that the stupid man should be so misled, and expressed myself to that effect later ; but our friend seemed to consider himself quite justified in deceiving a person who had no more interest in a country where the people speak his own tongue than to know so little about its locality, its ways, the ways of its people, or their manners.

I remember that when a lady asked me if I had ever traveled in a Pullman car (they had just placed poor copies of them upon some of the French roads) I answered that I had never ridden in anything else, which was a little bit of American brag, for I remember quite well the old-fashioned cars. She then remarked, "That is strange because they were invented in England." Also, according to her, the sewing machine, the telegraph and the mountain railway which runs up the Righi were all of European invention. When I told her that the Righi railway in which we were descending at the time was copied after our own Mount Washington railway, she shook her head pityingly and said that she had taken me for a well informed person but—a silence which implied that she had found her mistake. It requires a great deal of patience and politeness to get along with persons like this ; to keep

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their respect and your own. But this is only one side of European travel.

One great benefit, it seems to me, of European travel lies in the fact that one takes more exercise than at home. We rise early in some little Swiss hotel, neat and clean, if plain, the food wholesome and well served. We go into the breakfast room and partake of the simple meal composed of honey, eggs, bread and coffee; and then we start, alpenstock in hand, for some wooded walk or some glacier not too far away, for there are places where these wonders of nature are within easy distance of the hotel. The invigorating climb, the scramble down the moraine which forms the sides of the great frozen torrent, the stepping out carelessly—for the American girl is as independent as if upon her own icy lake or skating pond until seized by the careful guide and told of the danger should one make a misstep. Whereupon he holds her hands firmly within his grasp and proceeds with measured and careful pace across this mystery of chasms great and small, where one can hear the water tinkling away in the darkness below. And then the home coming, perhaps late in the afternoon, when the sun is setting behind the snow peaks, throwing upon them the red light of the after-glow; the peasant *Mädchens* yodling far overhead on the mountain tops, answering each other from height to height or calling a welcome from the attic

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rooms of the hotel to the approaching strangers ; the bare, open hall where we leave our alpenstocks, each handle burned in with our names and the ascents which we have made ; the well earned rest, and then the early evening meal ; the wandering out afterward to a sort of underground room where the *trägers* or guides surround a bright fire and tell blood-curdling stories or relate hair-breadth escapes, enough to chill the backbone of the uninitiated ; the charming Swiss songs sung with precision and melody, whose words, however, will not always bear translation, a case where ignorance is bliss.

Ah ! how delightful ; and the question is, what shall one choose ? Swiss mountain and valley ; the sail over the lagoons of that city of the sea, Venice ; the Alhambra, and the Generaliffe of Granada, brought into notice again by one of our own authors ; the pyramids and the green Nile with its waterfalls and stretch of historic sand ; sunny France and its lovely historic country ; Austria with its music and beer ; Germany with *its* music and beer ; or England with its charming open country, always in full dress, its crowded cities, its Piccadilly of which there is but one in all the world ; or shall it be Ireland or Scotland with their wild beauty of moor and fell, crag and peak ?

My advice to you is, if you can travel but little, read lavishly and generously ; choose your ob-

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jective point ; go there in the most direct way ; and, when you have reached your goal, enjoy yourself to the top of your bent—exhaust your stamping ground and your subject together. Listen not to the voice of the charmer who is always reminding you, when you confess to not having seen certain points of interest, “There ! you have missed the finest thing in Europe,” and who would lead you astray, only to find someone else in the new place to which you go who will also tell you of some other chimera further along the road. Be content with what you have, see all that you can, and, when your vacation is over, come home to think over its pleasures and prepare by more reading and intelligent thought to visit, another happy year, some new and strange country which will be as much of a recreation to you as the place to which you went on this summer’s vacation.

Hay Bradford Cornishfield

HOW TO TRAVEL
IN EUROPE: *Some*
Suggestions by GEORGE ADE

HOW TO TRAVEL IN EUROPE: *Some* *Suggestions by* GEORGE ADE

George Ade, the author and newspaper man, is a native of Indiana, where he was born at the close of the Civil War. College bred and widely traveled he evinces his patriotism by an intelligent comparison of American and foreign institutions, humorously exposing the weak points of his countrymen and defending their strong ones. In addition to his newspaper work on the *Chicago Record*, he has written several books, of which the best known is *Fables in Slang*. As might be inferred from the title of this book, his style is that of the humorist-moralist, appealing to his readers through the vernacular of the street. The great popularity of the *Fables* proves the author's claim to a distinct place in contemporaneous literature.

A journey through Europe has no terrors except to the American who is about to undertake it for the first time. For him to strike boldly through the Latin countries with no language at his command except English and hardly any traveling experience to guide him through the strange lands seems a very large undertaking. The difficulties and hardships of travel are always exaggerated in prospect. In retrospect they seem trivial and are found to have given color and variety to the vacation wanderings. They provide the traveler with something to talk about during

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the long winter nights at home. Who would enjoy a tour unbroken by good natured conflicts with guides, cabbies and porters? If traveling were a mere dull routine, there would be no opportunity to sharpen the wits.

So the first duty of the American traveler is to follow the sensible advice of the menticulturists, "Don't worry." It is wonderful how much needless fretting and how many ridiculous apprehensions and misapprehensions can be put into a journey if the traveler is inclined to conjure up trouble ahead and take the dismal view of every situation. The disasters of the fussy traveler are always in the future tense. They seldom materialize. Today he is happily settled in a good hotel, the weather is perfect and the sightseeing is profitable; but no doubt the hotel will overcharge him and possibly he may miss the train tomorrow and it seems probable that he will be insulted and badgered by the customs officers at the next frontier, to say nothing of the dangers of losing his tickets, having his baggage stolen and encountering bad weather. Happy the traveler who can carry with him the spirit of philosophy, the disposition to "take things as they come" and the sense of humor with which to regulate his impatient wrath.

The traveler ought to understand in advance that there has grown up in Europe an international system of transportation and that in all

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touring countries there are excellent facilities for moving travelers from one place to another in comfort, providing them with something to eat and giving them a good room every night. If the traveler will put his faith in this system and accept its benefits and not try to revise it or regulate it, he will find that he can travel in Europe with a minimum of friction. If he allows himself to be irritated into a chronic condition of fault finding and tries to superintend all the details that should be left to experienced servants and employes, he will simply keep himself in a temper, and after his trip is ended he will be able to look back over the route and know that all his nervous precautions were unnecessary. Every excitable traveler should remember that thousands of his bewildered countrymen wander throughout Europe every summer, and we never hear of one being lost, strayed or stolen. The grand tour is a beaten path protected by walls, marked by signposts in all languages, with an eating station every twenty paces and a guide always at your elbow.

As for the English language (which all of us understand even if we do not speak it to the satisfaction of our British cousins), the traveler's task in these days is to get away from it. Half the world is studying English and practicing on tourists. In 1898 I made a business trip across southern Europe to Constantinople and returned

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by way of the Mediterranean and I found only one hotel in which English was not spoken. It was in Belgrade. As for the show places of the continent, and the traveler naturally puts these into his first itinerary, the American moves from one to another, pleasantly saluted in his own tongue at every town. There is no denying that the pleasure of travel is greatly enhanced by a working knowledge of French or German or, better still, both; but no one need repine on crossing a frontier because he does not speak "the language of the country." Soon he will master the sign-language, which is the same everywhere, and he will find so much English in unexpected places that after a few days the phrase-book, which was to have been his ready resort, will be put away and forgotten.

In these days it is no more a feat to go around the world than it is to travel from Chicago to Denver. It takes longer, that is all. The railway and steamship lines have learned to move and transfer passengers without demanding any coöperative ingenuity on their part. The methods are the outgrowth of experience and cannot be altered to suit the whim or caprice of every dyspeptic who happens to use the line. So don't waste your time in hunting for defects in the foreign way of handling travelers. You will find them, but after you have found them and abused them what good has been accomplished? And

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remember that there are other points of view. Above all, remember that what is a new and almost terrifying experience to you is an old, old story to these common carriers. If you will only trust them and give your whole attention to the mere fun of travel, they will put you into the right carriage and take you to the town marked on your ticket and deliver you safe with all your effects. So, don't worry. I really believe that the pleasure of a vacation trip in Europe could be increased fourfold if the traveler were to force himself to pass all the petty and harassing details over to servants who have to be tipped and who might as well be given an honest opportunity to earn their tips. When you go to Europe don't put in all your time studying complicated time-tables and investigating hotels. The result will be headache and confusion of mind. It is possible to make a journey in Europe one long, nerve-racking task. You may have to welcome the ocean voyage as an opportunity to rest.

Railway travel in Europe may not be as luxurious as it is with us, but there are more elaborate precautions for avoiding accidents and preventing mistakes. When one is traveling in a strange country the feeling of security is more to be desired than the "*de luxe*" comforts of our gaudy fliers. At a railway station in almost any European country it is practically impossible to select the wrong train or get into the wrong com-

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partment. You must show your ticket before you are permitted to go on the station platform. The omnipresent porter leads you to your train and finds a place for you and puts your baggage in the racks. The chances are that before the train starts, a guard will come to the compartment and look at your ticket in order to make assurance doubly sure. To cap all these various precautions, the destination of each car is indicated by bold signboards. Therefore the new and doubting traveler in Europe may be assured that the actual difficulties of railway travel are mostly imaginary. Discomforts there are, if one has to ride all day or all night in the little box-like compartments; but unless the traveler is racing for a record he will do well to break his journey so as to avoid night rides. Sleeping cars are few and the tariff is high, and besides when you are in a bunk you miss the panoramic view of the country.

The experienced travelers poke more or less fun at the "personally conducted tours." There are disadvantages and also certain compensating advantages in being taken under the wing of an agent. If one does not choose to move about in a drove and be a part of an imposing parade, perhaps he would do better to "flock by himself." But if his time is limited and he would avoid the details of bargaining and "booking," he can travel with a party and thereby escape the im-

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aginary difficulties and dangers to which some reference has been made.

At the risk of repeating what is contained in the red guidebook, it may be necessary to add something in regard to tickets, luggage, tips and the hotel system. The most convenient tickets for European travelers are those issued by the well-known tourist agencies. It is just as well to buy your tickets for the continent before you leave London. Each ticket is printed in English on one side and indicates the towns at which you will be permitted to break your journey. The tourist agent binds these tickets into a convenient little book. If you change your plans and do not carry out the full itinerary at first outlined, the uncanceled tickets are returnable. If your route is not definitely planned, you may buy your tickets one or two at a time as you move about on the continent, for there is a Cook or Gaze office in every important town. The advantage in buying of an English agent is that you avoid the waits and the crowds at the stations. Furthermore the English-speaking young man at the agency can give you valuable hints as to the selection of routes and good trains. Occasionally the traveler can get cheaper rates than those regularly offered by Cook and Gaze, but even the "circular tickets" of Italy and the thirty-day excursion tickets of Switzerland, good on all roads and on all trains, may be obtained through the English

agencies. An economical traveler may take a third-class ticket in England. On the continent second-class is good enough for those who do not insist on avoiding fellow travelers. In the southern countries, Italy and Spain, the traveler should go first-class if he feels that he can afford it.

If you are going on a hurried summer trip through several countries do not take any trunk with you. A Saratoga trunk is a veritable white elephant to the European traveler. Of course, if you expect to remain several weeks in each important town and permit your tour to extend itself leisurely over many months, then you will need your "boxes." But if you are to fly from one place to another and "do" a half dozen countries in a half dozen weeks, take the advice of innumerable sufferers and "travel light." In these days of creature comforts and "dressing for dinner," many people, and the members of the fair sex in particular, have a horror of "living in a hand-bag." But the hand-bags of Europe are huge and elastic affairs. They are put into the railway compartments and taken out again by obliging porters, and broad racks are especially provided for them. The traveler with only hand luggage saves time and money and escapes many vexations. One must "register" his trunk and pay an extremely high "excess" charge. The usual allowance is only fifty-four pounds. At

frontier and terminal stations, where there are customs examinations, the traveler actually must wait hours at times for his heavy luggage to be delivered and examined. Therefore, if you expect to cover a great deal of ground within a short period, leave your trunks in London or Paris and carry as few impediments as possible, never forgetting the time-honored injunction in regard to medium weight garments.

The tip system of Europe is the source of many small annoyances to the American traveler. If he permits himself to brood over the injustice of the demands made upon him and makes a Quixotic resolve to readjust the whole system on a basis of equity, then he is in for an irrepressible conflict with all the polite beggars who depend on foreign travel. The American does not fancy the idea of giving a tip to some one who has performed no real service for him, neither does he understand why an American should be expected to pay twice as much in gratuities as a Frenchman or a German. For instance, the porter, or "usher," who carries the hand luggage from the bus or cab to the railway carriage receives from one of his own countrymen for this helpful performance the equivalent of two cents in our money. The American, in a spirit of easy generosity, gives the man the equivalent of five cents, whereupon the disappointed and almost heartbroken porter pleads for an equivalent of ten cents, intimating, by

means of the sign language, that he has permanently injured his spine in lifting the heavy bags, also that he is dying of hunger, also that ten cents is the regular charge. Now if you yield to his wheedling entreaties and he goes away chuckling, you have the humiliating knowledge that you are a fool. On the other hand, if you repulse him unkindly you find yourself in a heat and you are in no mood for a cheerful journey. Occasionally an American, wise in his own conceit, decides that he will give the same tip that is given by the native of the country. He will demonstrate to the underling that he is familiar with the schedule of tips and is not to be imposed upon. This solution is beautiful in theory but has a vital weakness from the fact that the porter has come to know Americans. I have tried it. Once I gave an Italian *facchino* two copper coins for bringing my luggage to the car and putting it in the rack. He looked at the pitiful sum in amazement and began to weep. Then he started in to plead. I could not solve his delivery but I knew it was the story of the down-trodden toiler, so I gave him a silver piece in order to assuage his grief and he was all sunshine in a moment. He went away very blithely and I have no doubt that he boasted for many days of how he "worked the Americano." It is almost impossible to give sensible advice on the subject of tipping. After all, it is a question of courage. We know in

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what manner we *ought* to regulate our tipping, but when we are confronted by the smiling and coaxing waiters, boys, chambermaids, "boots" and *portier*, we weaken on our stern resolutions and exceed the appropriation. When three of us were traveling together we took turn about in acting as cashier. At each hotel we would decide to tip only those servants to whom we were actually under obligation. And when it came to a settlement, the cashier always admitted that he had tipped too many employes, but they came at him and stood in line and what was he to do? Clever mendicants! They have learned the weakness of the American. He does not wish to appear "stingy." So as to tipping—for you must tip—distribute your small change so as to satisfy your conscience and avoid friction, but as you value your self-respect and peace of mind, never condescend to quarrel over so trivial a matter.

As to hotels, your guidebook and your suave manager will always name the hotel to be selected at your next destination. No doubt the omnibus will be waiting at the station. Remember two things which also are time-honored instructions: inquire the rate in advance and do not order "extras," unless you are indifferent as to the amount of the bill.

The American in Europe must learn to bargain. Do it good-naturedly and do it before the commodity is delivered and then there will be less

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complaint as to extortion. The traveler is expected to inquire the price of whatever he intends to purchase, whether it be a cab ride, the use of a room at a hotel or a work of art. If he fails to inquire the cost but orders offhand, there is a natural supposition that he is willing to pay any price the vender may name. It is dangerous to foster this impression.

George Ade

Stimulative Questions



These questions are not merely a kind of examination paper after the completion of the book; their object is rather to open up fields of thought and to stimulate the reader to think for himself. A single question will sometimes suggest lines of thinking that will make clear large areas of a subject which might otherwise have remained vague and unsatisfactory. If possible the reader should write out his answers to the questions, since this is the most certain means of avoiding hasty and superficial thinking.

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Memoranda :

STIMULATIVE QUESTIONS

FROM PONKAPOG TO PESTH.

1. What was the author's object in writing this book?
2. What are its literary merits?
3. What characteristics may be found in it that are in all of Aldrich's works?
4. What evidences of the author's brilliant wit?
5. What has most interest for him, picturesque humanity, natural scenery, or historic structures?
6. What particularly skilful touches in the way of description or characterization?
7. What traces of irony?
8. What particularly original and illuminating epithets and comparisons?
9. In what way is the book helpful?
10. How does it differ from the ordinary book of travels?

SAUNTERINGS.

1. What was the author's object in writing the book?
2. To what extent is the chronology of the journey indicated?
3. What glimpses of Warner's personality?
4. Would the book be valuable as a traveler's hand-book?

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Memoranda :

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5. What appeals most to Warner—form, color, historic associations, present customs, picturesque peculiarities, human sympathies?

6. What appeals least?

7. Do you find any trace in the book of Warner, the philanthropist and reformer?

8. Do you find any monotony in style or matter?

9. In what ways does *Saunterings* differ from Aldrich's book?

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE.

1. What was the primary object of the journey and of the book?

2. What stamps it as an old man's book?

3. Are there any signs of garrulity or undue reminiscence?

4. Do you find any traces of egotism?

5. Is it wholly free from the romance and glamor that usually marks the young man's book?

6. What parts read like pages from the *Autocrat* series?

7. Why does so little of Paris appear?

8. What element is added by the daughter's diary?

9. Are there in it any traces of the guide-book manner?

10. Do the general reflections and observations at the close strike you as particularly valuable?

THE BOOKLOVERS READING CLUB

Memoranda:

AMERICAN VACATIONS IN EUROPE

GONDOLA DAYS.

1. Summarize the author's idea of the book as revealed in the preface.

2. Do you think the author's picture overdone?

3. In what way is the book poetic?

4. Is there an element of monotony after a time?

5. Why does the author delight in such characters as, for instance, Luigi?

6. Does his delight in humanity spring from the same source as Warner's? As Holmes'?

7. What evidence that the author was an artist?

8. Do you think the book records the author's experience of Venetian life, or only his fleeting moods?

9. Do you find any traces of sparkle of style, wit and epigram as in Holmes and Aldrich?

10. What is the chief value of the book?

THE BOOKLOVERS READING CLUB

Memoranda :

Topics *for* Special Papers

AND FOR OPEN DISCUSSION

1. Reading as a preparation for travel.
2. Varieties of books of travel.
3. The decline of the book of travel.
4. The use of guidebooks.
5. The Venice of Smith, Howells, Mark Twain and Ruskin.
6. Holmes as a traveler.
7. Charles Dudley Warner and his influence.
8. Is European travel bringing to America dangerous ideals and customs?
9. Points of similarity between Holmes and Aldrich.
10. Requisites for a good narrative of travel.
11. What is to be the future of American travel in Europe?
12. Why has Spain always been so peculiarly attractive to American travelers and writers?
13. Does the American pell-mell habit of "doing Europe" in a few weeks tend to make us a superficial people?
14. The financial aspect of a summer in Europe.
15. What class of books of travel is now alone acceptable?
16. The sentimental era of American travel in Europe.
17. The influence of Mark Twain on the literature of European travel.

Selected Criticism

NOTEWORTHY OPINIONS
OF DISTINGUISHED TRAV-
ELERS *AND* CRITICS

Selected Criticism

Ainsworth R. Spofford.

“Among the books which combine entertainment with information the best narratives of travelers and voyagers hold an eminent place. In them the reader enlarges the bounds of his horizon and travels in companionship with his author all over the globe. While many, if not the most, of the books of modern travelers are filled with petty incidents and personal observations of no importance, there are some wonderfully good books of this attractive class.”



Washington Irving.

“I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, anticipation ; where everything in art was new and progressive and pointed to the future rather than to the past ; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence and prospective improvement, there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture gray with antiquity and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep felt enthusiasm with which I

have contemplated a vast monastic ruin like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley and shut up from the world as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile like Conway Castle standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and to me an unusual, charm over the landscape; I for the first time beheld signs of national old age and empire's decay and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art amidst the ever springing and reviving fertility of nature.

"I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the Muse. The first time I heard the song of the nightingale I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark arise almost from beneath my feet and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky.

"In this way I traversed England, a grown up child delighted by every object great and small and betraying a wondering ignorance and simple enjoyment that provoked many a stare and smile from my wiser and more experienced fellow travelers."

AMERICAN VACATIONS IN EUROPE

Charles F. Richardson.

"When *Outre Mer* appeared in 1834 and 1835 European travel was still uncommon among Americans. A few more ambitious graduates were able to put "Ph. D. Gött." after their names, and an occasional George Ticknor could boast the acquaintance of the leaders of contemporary English literature. But a trip to Britain or the Continent was so rare that it was frequent to follow it by a bit of book making generally of the rhapsodical or diaristic style. Nearly all of these early books of travel have gone to the oblivion they richly deserved after performing their humble work of instruction or amusement. *Outre Mer* was a volume of a different class. It has lived and is still occasionally read ; it would doubtless have kept a place in literature even had it not boasted the name of an author afterwards famous in other and higher work."



John Nichol.

"The Americans have no good book about England. . . . Mrs. H. B. Stowe's good humor is as shallow as Mr. Trollope's acerbity. Of her *Sunny Memories* we remember nothing but an abortive attempt to describe the Atlantic, the hackneyed Melrose by moonlight, and the author's self-gratulations on the open doors of aristocratic philanthropists. . . . Similarly Mr. N. P. Willis, running across the sea, returned with jottings

from the conversation in the saloons of 'the charming Countess of B——.' His *Pencillings by the Way* has no more relation to an adequate account of the countries visited than the sketches in a schoolgirl's portfolio to an authorized geological chart. Washington Irving was a 'spirit of another sort.' Half a European by residence, he liked our country, and having opportunity to study it, made himself familiar with our manners; but his purpose did not lead him to abstract inquiry or analysis, and he confined himself mainly to pleasant literary and local reminiscences.

"The least satisfactory of the two foremost American prose writers of recent years are those connected with their English experiences. Every chapter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Old Home* exhibits his delicate grace and quiet subtle thought. He carried with him across the Atlantic a series of picturesque photographs of English cities old and new—of bright young Leamington and musty Warwick, of Litchfield Market-Place, of Norfolk Boston with its minster bell, of Blenheim Park and Alloway Kirk, of Greenwich Hospital with its Trafalgar memories—many a vivid glimpse of squalid poverty and superabounding wealth; but his retiring nature sought out dim alleys and woodland ways or loitered within the shadow of gray cathedrals, and his book, as a whole, says little of England as a whole. . . . Seven years earlier Emerson's *English Traits* was pub-

lished, and in spite of much that is true and telling in its keen and polished epigrams, it showed how deceptive the impressions derived from a brief sojourn in our country are apt to be."



Charles F. Richardson.

"Holmes deems nothing human foreign to him, therefore he works in many fields. . . . Upon American literature he has made his own mark and the mark is deep and characteristic and readily recognizable, whether it be in prose or verse, in humor, satire, story or essay. In whatever Holmes writes these qualities are recognizable : good sense, though the reader may disagree with him ; good humor, though the writer be terribly in earnest ; and an alert mind."



Hamilton W. Mabie.

"In a country like our own, born full-grown in a sense, culture must find its material to a considerable extent in the experience and achievements of older races, and from the beginning American literature has been the interpreter of the ripe past to the ripening present, and popular education has been largely aided by assimilation of the best things in the older civilization. Irving with sensitive and delicate skill sketched the background of European life and habit against

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which the stir and vitality of the new metropolis of the new world were set. Longfellow recalled to the memory and imagination of the youngest of peoples the poetry and legends of older races; in neither case was there any loss of originality for Irving created for us two charming legends, and Longfellow gave us two traditions full of insight and tender portrayal of the earlier history of the continent. This faculty of assimilation Mr. Warner possessed. He was an eager traveler and a born observer, and he came at a time when Americans were going out of themselves to see the world and to understand their own place in it. Mr. Warner's roots were deep in the soil of the new world and he carried a very independent mind abroad; but he had a tolerant temper, the tastes and charity of a man of the world and the receptivity of nature which loves excellence and is quick to recognize it wherever it discloses its presence.

"He had the air of a man who had been accustomed to the best society among books and men. His sanity and poise reflected a wide contact with the world; he was tolerant of everything except vulgarity, sham and cheapness. His ease of manner suggested liberal opportunities and an ample background of social and intellectual life. His humor was the free play of a nature which felt itself at home in the world and qualified to compare varying standards of action, diverse

ideals of manners and types of character. The specific qualities of his work in all forms were sanity, ease, and humor."



William Dean Howells.

"It has sometimes seemed to me as if fortune had given to me a stage-box at another and grander spectacle, and I had been suffered to see this Venice, which is to other cities like the pleasant improbability of the theatre to every-day, commonplace life, to much the same effect as that melodrama in Padua. I could not, indeed, dwell three years in the place without learning to know it differently from those writers who have described it in romances, poems, and hurried books of travel, nor help seeing from my point of observation the sham and cheapness with which Venice is usually brought out, if I may so speak, in literature. At the same time it has never lost for me its claim upon constant surprise and regard, nor the fascination of its excellent beauty, its peerless picturesqueness, its sole and wondrous grandeur."

"So if the reader care to follow me to my stage-box, I imagine he will hardly see the curtain rise upon just the Venice of his dreams—the Venice of Byron, of Rogers, and Cooper; or upon the Venice of his prejudices—the merciless Venice of Darii and of the historians who follow him. But I

still hope that he will be pleased with the Venice he sees ; and will think with me that the place loses little in the illusion removed ; and—to take leave of our theatrical metaphor—I promise to fatigue him with no affairs of my own, except as allusion to them may go to illustrate life in Venice ; and positively he shall suffer no annoyance from the fleas and bugs which in Latin countries so often get from travelers' beds into their books."



Mark Twain.

"One lingers about the cathedral a good deal in Venice. There is a strong fascination about it, partly because it is so old and partly because it is so ugly. Too many of the world's famous buildings fail of one chief virtue—harmony ; they are made up of a methodless mixture of the ugly and the beautiful. This is bad, it is confusing, it is unrestful. One has a sense of uneasiness, of distress without knowing why. But one is calm before St. Mark's, one is calm within it, one would be calm on top of it, calm in the cellar ; for its details are masterfully ugly. No misplaced and impertinent beauties are intruded anywhere, and the consequent result is a grand, harmonious whole of soothing, entrancing, tranquilizing, soul-satisfying ugliness. One's admiration of a perfect thing always grows, never declines ; and this is the surest evidence to him that it *is* perfect. St.

Mark's is perfect. To me it soon grew to be so nobly, so augustly ugly that it was difficult to stay away from it even for a little while."



Lee Meriwether.

"The first-class tourist may see the beauties of a country's landscapes and scenery from the window of a palace car, but his vision goes no further—does not penetrate below the surface. To know a country one must fraternize with its people, must live with them, sympathize with them, win their confidence. High life in Europe has been paid sufficient attention by travelers and writers. I was desirous of seeing something of low life. I donned the blouse and hob-nailed shoes of a workman and spent a year in a *Tramp-Trip* from Gibraltar to the Bosphorus. . . .

"The first day or two—feet blistered, muscles swollen, limbs stiff and tired—the novice is apt to become disheartened. My second day out from Naples was rainy; the twenty-five-mile walk of the preceding day had made great blisters on my feet. When I limped into a village inn about dark, weary and soaked, I would have taken to the railroad, had there been one, and ended my pedestrian trip then and there. Fortunately the nearest railroad station was fifteen miles distant. In two or three days the blisters disappeared, the soreness of the muscles abated and I felt thoroughly happy.

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"Only he who has tried it can appreciate the independence of a walking tour. You make your own time schedule—come when you please and go when you please. That old castle on the hill to the right looks interesting. From the train, if seen at all, it is only a glimpse; but the pedestrian sallies gaily forth, ascends the hill at leisure, rummages among the ruins, clambers over the walls, and sees a hundred objects of which the traveler who is hurried from point to point never even dreams."



E. L. Godkin.

"There is probably no American who has risen above very narrow circumstances who does not go to Europe at least once in his life. There is hardly a village in the country in which the man who has succeeded in trade or commerce does not announce his success to his neighbors by a trip to Europe for himself and his family. There is hardly a professor or teacher or clergyman or artist or author who does not save out of a salary however small in order to make the voyage.

"Americans who go to Europe with some knowledge of history, of the fine arts, and of literature all recognize the fact that they could not have completed their education without going. To such people travel in Europe is one of the purest and most elevating of pleasures, for Europe contains the experience of mankind in nearly

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every field of human endeavor. They often, it is true, come back discontented with America, but out of this discontent have grown some of our most valuable improvements—libraries, museums, art galleries, colleges. What they have seen in Europe has opened their eyes to the possibilities and short-comings of their own country."



Frank R. Stockton.

"Both Americans and English, like all patriotic people, believe their respective countries to be the best in the world, and many of them consider it necessary, when they are traveling, to show this. Persons like these, however, be they American or English, do not belong to the better class of travelers. The more we travel and the more we see of other nations, the better we become acquainted with their merits and virtues. Their oddities and their faults naturally are the first things which strike our attention; but if we have seen nothing but these, it is a proof either that we have not traveled enough or that we are not qualified to travel with advantage. The more the right kind of an American journeys the more he is likely to be satisfied that he is an American; but the better he becomes acquainted with other nations, and learns not only to avoid their faults but to imitate their virtues, the greater advantage he is to his own country."

Franklin Matthews.

“There have been many estimates published of the amount of money Americans spend on their trips abroad. Taking the second class travelers into consideration with the first cabin travelers I am of the opinion that six hundred dollars is about the average expenditure on the trip . . . A large sum is expended every year in Europe in the purchase of clothing. I think, however, that this does not average more than one hundred dollars for each passenger. Considerable money is spent in the purchase of souvenirs, but this probably does not exceed twenty dollars on the average for each traveler. Those who have been in Europe before spend almost nothing for souvenirs on the following trips. Still when one thinks of the army that goes to Europe every year an expenditure of six hundred dollars for each person amounts to an enormous sum. For the 100,000 who crossed in 1895 this would amount to \$60,000,000. That sum in my estimation represents about what Americans pay for the satisfaction of crossing the ocean and spending more or less time in sight-seeing in Europe.”

SUPPLEMENTARY BOOKS

Outre Mer. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 1835.

A sentimental journey by a young poet. Full of generous appreciation and romantic touches. "I have traversed France from Normandy to Navarre, smoked my pipe in a Flemish inn, floated through Holland in a Trekschuit, trimmed my midnight lamp in a German university, wandered and mused amid the classic scenes of Italy, and listened to the gay guitar and merry castanet on the borders of the blue Guadalquivir."

Views Afoot. By Bayard Taylor. 1855.

The record of a two years' saunter through Europe by a young poet whose entire expenses for the period were \$472 all earned on the road. The tour included Ireland, Scotland, England, Holland, Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, Italy and France.

English Traits. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1856.

A book embodying Emerson's observations during his several visits to England, "the notebook of a philosophic traveler." It records visits to Coleridge, Carlyle and Wordsworth, but the greater part is abstract: race, ability, character, wealth, etc. A searching analysis and very valuable.

Our Old Home. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1863.

Selections from Hawthorne's *Notebooks* while he was consul at Liverpool. Full of charming pictures. Treats among other things of "My Consular Ex-

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periences," "Warwick," "Old Boston," "Haunts of Burns," "English Poverty," etc. He has himself described it as "a few of the external aspects of English scenery and life, especially those that are touched with the antique charm to which our countrymen are more susceptible than are the people among whom it is a natural growth."

Venetian Life. By William Dean Howells. 1867.

Venice from the standpoint of one who made it his home for three years. It gives the everyday life of the city apart from the romantic glamor, which, however, it does not ignore. "Such value as my book may have is in fidelity to what I actually saw and knew of Venice."

Italian Journeys. By William Dean Howells. 1867.

A kind of extension of *Venetian Life*. It records the author's excursions to Padua, Ferrara, Genoa, Pompeii, Naples, Rome, etc. He knows Italy thoroughly and writes in a bright, witty way about it.

English Notebooks. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1870.

Full of fragmentary descriptions and records. Hawthorne roamed much over England and he observed keenly. He usually saw the fantastic and picturesque, especially in humanity.

French and Italian Notebooks. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1871.

Does for France and Italy what *Our Old Home* and the *English Notebooks* do for England. Full of graphic description.

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Castilian Days. By John Hay. 1871.

A careful study of Spanish life and scenes written while the author was secretary of legation at Madrid. It does for Spain what *Venetian Life* does for Venice. A vivid picture, "the work at once of the shrewd social observer and the imaginative poet."

Bits of Travel. By Helen Hunt Jackson. 1872.

A series of letters written during a tour of the Continent. Bright and vivacious. "A volume of keen and amusing sketches of German and French experience."—*A. R. Spofford*.

Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes.

By Robert Louis Stevenson. 1879.

The author takes a journey for his health through the mountains of southern France. The book is one of Stevenson's best, full of sparkling humor, poetry, lively description, and characterization.

A Tramp Abroad. By Mark Twain. 1880.

Though generally regarded, as most of Mark Twain's works are, as pure fun, this book is genuinely helpful. It is an excellent preparation for travel on the continent. The chapter on the German language is a classic.

The Land of the Midnight Sun. By Paul Du Chaillu. 1881.

Summer and winter journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland and northern Finland. Well illustrated.

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Seven Spanish Cities. By Edward Everett Hale.
1883.

Madrid, Cordova, Toledo, etc. A charming preparation for a visit to Spain.

A Roundabout Journey. By Charles Dudley Warner. 1883.

A book much like *Saunterings*, dealing almost wholly with the western shores of the Mediterranean, France, Sicily, Malta, Morocco, Spain. Nearly half the book describes journeys in Spain.

The American Four-in-Hand. By Andrew Carnegie. 1883.

Describes a coaching trip from Brighton to Inverness. People and places by the way entertainingly treated.

A Little Tour of France. By Henry James, Jr.
1884.

Picturesque, in the author's well-known sparkling style.

A Tramp Trip: How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day. By Lee Meriwether. 1886.

Gives the side of European life not generally seen by those who keep in the beaten tracks. The author's object was to study labor conditions, and the book accordingly gives graphic pictures of the poverty and hard toil of the lower classes.

Cathedral Days: A Tour through Southern England. By Anna B. Dodd. 1887.

A six weeks' driving tour through the south of England. Full of chat, dialogue, fun and holiday spirit. Fully illustrated.

Personally Conducted. By Frank R. Stockton. 1889.

Written as a juvenile but a book of value to all who approach Europe for the first time. Entertaining and instructive.

Scrambles among the Alps. By E. Whymper. 1871.

Holiday ascents, chiefly of the Matterhorn.

Books for Travelers.

In the *Book Buyer*, volume 14, page 484. The best recent bibliography of the books of travel useful to those contemplating a trip abroad.





Twenty-Five Reading Courses

No. 1—PROBLEMS IN MODERN DEMOCRACY

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are ex-President Cleveland; Woodrow Wilson, Professor of Politics, Princeton University; Henry J. Ford, author of *Rise and Growth of American Politics*; and Henry D. Lloyd, author of *Newest England*. The books for the course are selected by Mr. Cleveland.

No. 2—MODERN MASTERS OF MUSIC

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Reginald de Koven, Dr. W. S. B. Mathews, editor of *Music*; James G. Hunker, editor of *Musical Courier*; Henry E. Krehbiel, musical critic New York *Tribune*; and Gustave Kobbé, author of *Wagner's Life and Works*. The most attractive reading course ever offered to lovers of music.

No. 3—RAMBLINGS AMONG ART CENTRES

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are F. Hopkinson Smith, Dr. John C. Van Dyke, Dr. John La Farge, President of the Society of American Artists; Kenyon Cox and Dr. Russell Sturgis. The handbook is attractively illustrated. Mr. Smith and Dr. Van Dyke are responsible for selecting the books to be read.

No. 4—AMERICAN VACATIONS IN EUROPE

This course is the next best thing to going abroad oneself. Among the contributors to the handbook are Frank R. Stockton, Jeannette L. Gilder, editor of *The Critic*; Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield and George Ade. The handbook has a fine portrait frontispiece.

No. 5—A STUDY OF SIX NEW ENGLAND CLASSICS

The books for this course are selected by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Among the contributors to the handbook are Dr. Hale, Julian Hawthorne, Mrs. James T. Fields and Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson. Dr. Emerson is a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson. This is one of the most attractive courses in the entire series.

No. 6—SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISH KINGS

The plays are selected for this course by H. Beerbohm Tree, the well-known English actor, and the books to be read in connection with the plays are selected by Sir Henry

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Irving. Among the other contributors to the handbook are Prof. Edward Dowden, acknowledged the greatest Shakespearean scholar of Great Britain, Dr. Hiram Corson, of Cornell University; Dr. William J. Rolfe and Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie. The handbook is very attractively illustrated.

NO. 7—CHARLES DICKENS: HIS LIFE AND WORK

Among the contributors to the delightful handbook accompanying this course are George W. Cable, the well-known novelist; Irving Bacheller, author of *Eben Holden*; Andrew Lang, the distinguished English writer; Amelia E. Barr, the novelist; and James L. Hughes, author of *Dickens as an Educator*. The books to be read are selected by Mr. Cable and Mr. Bacheller. The handbook is beautifully illustrated.

NO. 8—CHILD STUDY FOR MOTHERS AND TEACHERS

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Margaret E. Sangster, Nora Archibald Smith, Anne Emilie Poulson, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Lucy Wheelock and Kate Gannett Wells. Mrs. Sangster selects the books to be read.

NO. 9—INDUSTRIAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

The following distinguished writers on economic problems contribute to the handbook accompanying this course: President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University; Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, Professor of Political Science, Cornell University; Richard Theodore Ely, Director of the School of Economics, Political Science and History, University of Wisconsin; Sidney Webb, Lecturer London School of Economics and Political Science, Member London County Council; and Carroll Davidson Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor.

NO. 10—FLORENCE IN ART AND LITERATURE

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are William Dean Howells, Dr. Russell Sturgis, Frank Preston Stearns, author of *Midsummer of Italian Art, Life of Tintoretto*, etc.; Dr. William Henry Goodyear, Curator Fine Arts Museum of Brooklyn Institute; and Lewis Frederick Pilcher, Professor of Art, Vassar College. The handbook has some attractive illustrations.

NO. 11—STUDIES OF EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS

The books have been selected specially for this course by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, of the English House of Commons, and the Hon. Andrew D. White, United States Ambassador to Ger-

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many. Among the other contributors to the handbook are Jesse Macy, Professor of Constitutional History and Political Science, Iowa College; and John William Burgess, Professor of Political Science and Constitutional Law, and Dean of the Faculty of Political Science, Columbia University.

No. 12—FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE RENAISSANCE

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Margaret Deland and Charlotte Brewster Jordan. The handbook has several very interesting illustrations.

No. 13—THE MODERN CITY AND ITS PROBLEMS

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Dr. Frederic W. Speirs; Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*; Bird S. Coler, Comptroller of the City of New York, author of *Municipal Government*; and Charles J. Bonaparte, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Municipal League. The books are selected by Dr. Speirs.

No. 14—STUDIES IN APPLIED ELECTRICITY

This is without exception the most attractive and the most helpful reading course ever offered to students of electricity. Thomas A. Edison selects the books specially for these studies. Among the other contributors to the handbook are Dr. Edwin J. Houston, Dr. Elihu Thomson, Carl Hering, Ex-President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers; and Arthur V. Abbott, Chief Engineer of the Chicago Telephone Company.

No. 15—FIVE WEEKS' STUDY OF ASTRONOMY

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Charles A. Young, Professor of Astronomy, Princeton University; Sir Robert S. Ball, Professor of Astronomy, Cambridge University, and Director of Cambridge Observatory, England; Camille Flammarion, founder of the Astronomical Society of France, and author of *Marvels of the Heavens*, *Astronomy*, etc.; George C. Comstock, Director of Washburn Observatory, University of Wisconsin; and Harold Jacoby, Professor of Astronomy, Columbia University. The study programme includes contributions from the most famous astronomers of England and France.

No. 16—RECENT ENGLISH DRAMATISTS

Lovers of the best modern dramas will find much pleasure in these studies. Among the contributors to the handbook are Brander Matthews, Professor of Literature, Columbia University;

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Dr. William Winter, Dramatic Critic for the New York *Tribune*; Dr. Harry Thurston Peck, Editor of *The Bookman*; Louise Chandler Moulton; and Norman Hapgood, the well-known writer of dramatic criticism. The handbook has some interesting illustrations.

NO. 17—STUDIES IN CURRENT RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

The books are chosen for the course by Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. Washington Gladden. Among the contributors to the handbook are Dr. Samuel D. McConnell, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn; President William DeWitt Hyde, of Bowdoin College; Dr. Amory H. Bradford, Editor of *The Outlook*; Dr. Henry Collin Minton, of San Francisco Theological Seminary, late Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly; Dr. H. W. Thomas, Pastor of the People's Church, Chicago; and Dr. Theodore T. Munger, Pastor of the United Congregational Church, New Haven. For clergymen and laymen who wish to stimulate the growth of a theology which is in harmony with the best thought of the time we recommend this handbook and this reading course.

NO. 18—THE GREATER VICTORIAN POETS

The books are selected for this course by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Among the other contributors to the handbook are Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English, Yale University; Dr. T. M. Parrott, of Princeton University; and Marie Ada Molineux, author of *The Phrase Book of Browning*.

NO. 19—OUT-OF-DOOR AMERICANS

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are John Burroughs, Ernest Seton-Thompson, President David Starr Jordan, of the Leland Stanford Junior University; Ernest Ingersoll and Hamlin Garland. Lovers of nature will find delight in the outlines and recommendations of this course.

NO. 20—THE WORLD'S GREAT WOMAN NOVELISTS

Mrs. Humphry Ward, the well-known English novelist, is the first contributor to the handbook accompanying this course. The other contributors are Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mary E. Wilkins, Agnes Repplier, Katherine Lee Bates, Professor of English, Wellesley College; and Oscar Fay Adams. The handbook contains some interesting illustrations.

NO. 21—AMERICAN FOUNDATION HISTORY

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge selects the books for this course. Among the other contributors are Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of American History, Harvard University; John Bach

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McMaster, Professor of American History, University of Pennsylvania ; Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, author of *The Colonies* ; Paul Leicester Ford, author of *Janice Meredith* ; and Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin, Professor of American History, University of Michigan.

NO. 22—STUDIES IN AMERICAN LITERARY LIFE

Professor Barrett Wendell and Professor Lewis E. Gates, of Harvard, and Dr. Horace E. Scudder, late editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, contribute to the handbook accompanying this course. For a brief stimulative and instructive course in American literature nothing better could possibly be offered.

NO. 23—STUDIES IN RECENT FRENCH FICTION

Alcée Fortier, Professor of Romance Languages, Tulane University of Louisiana, has chosen the books for this reading course. Among the contributors to the handbook are the three distinguished French writers, Edouard Rod, Ferdinand Brunetière and Paul Bourget, and the notable American critic, Dr. Benjamin W. Wells, author of *Modern French Literature* and *A Century of French Literature*.

NO. 24—THE ENGLISH BIBLE: HOW WE GOT IT

The contributors to this course include President William R. Harper, of the University of Chicago ; John Franklin Genung, Professor of Rhetoric, Amherst College ; William Newton Clarke, Professor of Christian Theology, Colgate University ; and Richard G. Moulton, Professor of English Literature, University of Chicago. The handbook is a very interesting and instructive volume in itself.

NO. 25—THE MECHANISM OF PRESENT DAY COMMERCE

In Preparation. The books are selected by the Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury.





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